

Arms and The Woman

By Harold MacGrath

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By Harold MacGrath.

CHAPTER I.

The first time I met her I was a reporter in the embryonic state and she was a girl in short dresses. It was in a garden surrounded by high red brick walls which were half hidden by clusters of green vines and at the base of which nestled earth beds radiant with roses and poppies and peonies and bushes of lavender lilacs, all spilling their delicate ambrosia on the mild air of passing May. I stood, straw hat in hand, wondering if I had not stumbled into some sweet prison of flowers which, having run disobedient ways in the past, had been placed here by Flora and forever denied their native meadows and wildernesses. And this vision of fresh youth in my path, perhaps she was some guardian nymph. I was only 22, a most impressionable age. Her hair was like that rare October brown, half dun, half gold; her eyes were cool and restful, like the brown pools one sees in the heart of the forests, and her lips and cheeks cozened the warm vermilion of the rose which lay ever so lightly on the bosom of her white dress. Close at hand was a table upon which stood a pitcher of lemonade. She was holding in her hand an empty glass. As my eyes encountered her calm, inquiring gaze my courage fled precipitately, likewise the object of my errand. There was a pause; diffidence and embarrassment on my side, placidity on hers.

"Well, sir," said she in a voice the tone of which implied that she could readily understand her presence in the garden, but not mine.

As I remember it, I was suddenly seized with a great thirst. "I should like a glass of your lemonade," I answered, bravely laying down the little piece of money I possessed. Her stern lips parted in a smile, and my courage came back cautiously—that is to say, by degrees. She filled a glass for me, and as I gulped it down I could almost detect the flavor of lemon and sugar.

"It is very good," I volunteered, passing back the glass. I held out my hand, smiling.

"There isn't any change," coolly. I flushed painfully. It was fully four miles to Newspaper row. I was conscious of a sudden pride. Presently the object of my errand returned. Somewhat down the path I saw a gentleman reclining in a canvas swing. "Is that Mr. Wentworth?" I asked.

"Yes, do you wish to speak to him? Uncle Bob, here is a gentleman who desires to speak to you."

I approached. "Mr. Wentworth," I began, cracking the straw in my hat, "my name is John Winthrop. I am a reporter. I have called to see if it is true that you have declined the Italian portfolio."

"It is true," he replied kindly. "There are any number of reasons for my declining it, but I cannot make them public. Is that all?"

"Yes, sir; thank you," and I backed away.

"Are you a reporter?" asked the girl as I was about to pass by her.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you draw pictures?"

"No, I do not."

"Do you write novels?"

"No, with a nervous laugh."

There is nothing like the process of interrogation to make one person lose interest in another.

"Oh, I thought perhaps you did," she said and turned her back to me. I passed through the darkened halls of the house and into the street. I never expected to see her again, but it was otherwise ordained. We came together three years later at Block Island. She was 18 now, gathering the rosy flowers of her first season. She remembered the incident in the garden, and we laughed over it. A few dances, two or three evenings on the verandas watching the sea, moonlit, as it sprawled among the rocks below us, and the even tenor of my way ceased to be. I appreciated how far she was above me, so I worshiped her silently and from afar. I told her my ambitions, confidences so welcome to feminine ears, and she rewarded me with a small exchange. She, too, was an orphan and lived with her uncle, a rich banker, who as a diversion consented to represent his country at foreign courts. Her given name was Phyllis. I had seen the name a thousand times in print; the poets had idealized it and the novelists had embalmed it in tender phrases.

It was the first time I had ever met a woman of the name of Phyllis. It

appealed to my poetic instinct. Perhaps that was the cause of it all. And then she was very beautiful. In the autumn of that year we became great friends, and through her influence I began to see beyond the portals of the mansions of the rich. Matthew Prior's Chloes and Sir John Suckling's Euphelsias lost their charms. Henceforth my muse's name became Phyllis. I took her to the opera when I didn't know where I was going to breakfast on the morrow. I sent her roses and went without tobacco, a privation of which woman knows nothing. Often I was plunged into despair at my distressed circumstances. Money to her meant something to spend; to me it meant something to get. Her income bothered her because she could not spend it; my income was mortgaged a week in advance and did not bother me at all. This was the barrier at my lips. But her woman's intuition must have told her that she was a part and parcel of my existence.

I had what is called a forlorn hope—a rich uncle who was a planter in Louisiana. His son and I were his only heirs. But this old planter had a mortal antipathy to my side of the family. When my mother, his sister, married Alfred Winthrop in 1850, at the time when the north and south were approaching the precipice of a civil war, he considered all family ties obliterated. We were worried much about it. When mother died, he softened to the extent of being present at the funeral. He took small notice of my father, but offered to adopt me if I would assume his name. I clasped my father's hand in mine and said nothing. The old man stared at me for a moment, then left the house. That was the first and last time I ever saw him. Sometimes I wondered if he would remember me in his will. This, of course, was only when I had taken Phyllis somewhere or when some creditor had lost patience.

One morning in January, five years after my second meeting with Phyllis, I sat at my desk in the office. It was raining, a cold thin rain. The window was blurred. The water in the steam pipes went banging away. I was composing an editorial which treated the diplomatic relations between this country and England. The roar of Park row distracted me. Now and then I would go to the window and peer down on the living stream below. A dense cloud of steam hung over all the city. I swore some when the copy boy came in and said that there were yet a column and a half to fill and that the foreman wanted to "close up the page early." The true cause of my indisposition was due to the rumors in the office that morning. Rumors which emanate from the managing editor's room are usually of the sort which burden the subordinate ones with anxiety. The London correspondent was "going to pieces." He had cabled that he was suffering from nervous prostration, supplementing a request for a two months' leave of absence. For "nervous prostration" we read "drink." Our London correspondent was a brilliant journalist. He had written one or two clever books. He had a broad knowledge of men and affairs, and his pen was one of those which flashed and burned at frequent intervals, but he drank. Dan's father had been a victim of the habit. I remember meeting the elder Millars. He was a picturesque individual, an accomplished scholar, a wide traveler, a diplomatist and a noted war correspondent. His work during the Franco-Prussian war had placed him in the front rank. After sending his son Dan to college he took no further notice of him. He was killed while serving his paper at the siege of Alexandria. Dan naturally followed his father's footsteps both in profession and in habits. He had been my classmate at college, and no one knew him better than I except it was himself. The love of adventure and drink had ended the life of the one. It might end the life of the other.

The foreman in the composing room waited for some time for that required column and a half of editorial copy. I lit my pipe, and my thoughts ran back

to the old days, to the many times I had paid my debts and to the many times I had paid his. Ah, me! Those were days when love and fame and riches were elusive, and we went in quest of them. The crust is hyssop when the heart is young. The garret is a palace when hope flies unfettered. The most wonderful dreams imaginable are dreamed close to the eaves. And when a man leaves behind him the garret he also leaves behind the fondest illusions. But who—who would stay in the garret?

And as my thoughts ran on the question rose, Whom would they send in his place—Dan's? I knew London. It was familiar ground. Perhaps they might send me. It was this thought which unsettled me. I was perfectly satisfied with New York. Phyllis lived in New York. There would be time enough for London when we were married. Then I began to build air castles. A newspaper man is the architect of some splendid structures, but he thoughtlessly builds on the sand when the tide is out. Yes; foreign correspondence would be all well enough, I mused, with Phyllis at my side. With her as my wife I should have the envy of all my fellow craftsmen. We should dine at the embassies, and the attaches would flutter about us, and all London would talk of the beautiful "Mrs. Winthrop." Then the fire in my pipe bowl went out. The copy boy was at my elbow again.

"Hang you!" said I.

"The foreman says he's coming down with an ax," replied the boy.

It was like churning, but I did manage to grind the copy. I was satisfied that the United States and Great Britain would not go to war over it.

The late afternoon mail brought two letters. I opened the one from Phyllis first. It said:

There is no pleasure in life if you dread going to the table to eat and can't rest at night on account of indigestion. Henry Williams, of Boonville, Ind., says he suffered that way for years, till he commenced the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, and adds, "Now I can eat anything I like and all I want and sleep soundly every night." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. All dealers.

Dear Jack—Uncle Bob has a box for the operation, but he has been suddenly called to Washington—possibly, but he would not say. Aunt and I want you to go with us in his stead. Ethel and her fiancé, Mr. Holland, will go together, which means that aunt and I will have no one to talk to unless you come. "Carmen" is to be sung. Please do not fail me. PHYLIS.

Fail her! I thought not.

Then I read the second letter. I read it three or four times, and even then I was not sure that I was not dreaming. I caught up my pipe again, filled it and lit it. I read the letter once more. I was solemnly informed that my uncle was dead and that I was mentioned in the will and that if I would kindly call at the Hoffman House the following morning a certain sum of money would be given to me. I regretted that I had reached that age when a man's actions must be dignified although alone; otherwise I dare say I should have danced the pas seul. Whatever my uncle's bequest might be, I believed that it would make me independently rich. Phyllis was scarcely an arm's length away now. I whistled as I looked up my desk and proceeded down stairs and sang a siren song into the waxen ears of the cashier.

"You have only twenty coming this week, Mr. Winthrop," said he.

"Never mind," I replied. "I'll manage to get along next week." It was only on very rare occasions that I drew my full pay at the end of the week. I dined at a fashionable restaurant. As I slipped my wife I built one of my castles, and Phyllis reigned therein.

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cough or a cold develop into pneumonia or consumption. One Minute Cough Cure will cure throat and lung troubles quicker than any other preparation known. Many doctors use it as a specific for grippe. It is an infallible remedy for croup. Children like it and mothers endorse it. All dealers.

There would be a trip to Europe every summer, and I should devote my time to writing novels. My picture would be the frontpiece in the book reviews, and wistful paragraphs would tell of the enormous royalties my publishers were paying me. I took some old envelopes from my pocket and began figuring on the backs of them as to what purposes the money should be put. It could not be less than \$50,000, perhaps more. Of course my uncle had given a harbor to a grudge against me and mine, but such things are always forgotten on the deathbed. Fortune, having buffeted me, was now going to make me one of her favorite children. I had reached the end of the long lane.

As I left the restaurant I decided to acquaint Phyllis with my good luck and also my desire that she should share it. I turned into a florist's and had a dozen roses sent up to her. They were American Beauties. I could afford it now.

I found Phyllis thrumming on the piano. She was singing in a low voice the aria from "Lucia." I stood on the threshold of the drawing room and waited till she had done. I believed

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CATARH: FORERUNNER OF CONSUMPTION.

Few realize what a deep-seated, obstinate disease Catarrh is, regarding it as a simple inflammation of the nose and throat, little or no attention is given it. But, however insignificant it may seem at first, the foul secretions entering the circulation poison the entire system. The stomach, kidneys, and all the organs—feel the effect of this catarrhal poison, and when the lungs are reached its progress is rapid and destructive, and finally ends in consumption.

It frequently happens that the senses of hearing and smell are in part or entirely lost, the soft bones of the nose eaten into and destroyed, causing intense suffering and greatly disfiguring the face. While sprays, washes and salves may give temporary relief, no permanent benefit can be expected from such treatment.

CATARRH IS A CONSTITUTIONAL OR BLOOD DISEASE,

and far beyond the reach of mere local remedies. Those who rely upon them for a cure lose valuable time, meet with disappointment and allow the disease to take firmer hold. Only a real blood remedy can reach this troublesome and dangerous disease.

S. S. S. cures Catarrh because it first cleanses and builds up the blood, purifies it, makes it rich and healthy, stimulates and puts new life into the sluggish worn-out organs, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous accumulations.

Mrs. Josephine Polhill, of Due West, S. C., writes: "I had Catarrh, which became so deep-seated that I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all inside of my nose, including part of the bone, sloughed off. When the disease had gone this far the physician gave me up as incurable. I determined to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and began to improve at once. I secured a cure in a few weeks, and after a few weeks' treatment I was entirely cured, and for more than seven years have had no sign of the disease."

S. S. S. is made of roots, herbs and barks of wonderful tonic and purifying properties. It is the only vegetable blood purifier known, and a certain and safe cure for all blood troubles. Send for our book on Blood and Skin Diseases, and at the same time write our physicians about your case. They will cheerfully give you any information or advice wanted. We make no charge for this.

NOTICE OF MASTER'S SALE. PURSUANT TO A DECREE MADE BY THE Circuit Court, Second Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Leon county, in chancery cause entitled John P. Connelley and Beckman P. Illesley, as Trustees, complainants, and Georgia and Florida Investment Company, and others, defendants, the undersigned, Master in Chancery of said court, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house of Leon county, in the city of Tallahassee, in said county, State of Florida, on Monday, the 3d day of December, 1900, at 12 o'clock noon, all and singular the lands and premises in said decree, described as follows, to-wit:

All those tracts and parcels of land situated in Leon county, State of Florida, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: In township 1 south, range 1 west, section 8, the SW 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of section 13, the NW 1/4 of section 14, the NW 1/4 of section 15, the NW 1/4 of section 16, the NW 1/4 of section 17, the NW 1/4 of section 18, the NW 1/4 of section 19, the NW 1/4 of section 20, the NW 1/4 of section 21, the NW 1/4 of section 22, the NW 1/4 of section 23, the NW 1/4 of section 24, the NW 1/4 of section 25, the NW 1/4 of section 26, the NW 1/4 of section 27, the NW 1/4 of section 28, the NW 1/4 of section 29, the NW 1/4 of section 30, the NW 1/4 of section 31, the NW 1/4 of section 32, the NW 1/4 of section 33, the NW 1/4 of section 34, the NW 1/4 of section 35, the NW 1/4 of section 36, the NW 1/4 of section 37, the NW 1/4 of section 38, the NW 1/4 of section 39, the NW 1/4 of section 40, the NW 1/4 of section 41, the NW 1/4 of section 42, the NW 1/4 of section 43, the NW 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